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A N E C D O T E S,

&c.

ANTIENT AND MODERN.

WITH OBSERVATIONS.

By JAMES PETTIT ANDREWS, F.A.S.



L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE, OPPOSITE  
BURLINGTON-HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

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A D D E N D A



# A D D E N D A.

**W**HEN the celebrated historian of the Low Country wars \*, relates the death of Don Carlos, Prince of Spain, he says, with uncommon address, ' I know this relation will not please some, that greedily swallow down the foulest surmizes without any distinction, or respect, to truth or falsehood. For whose palates, if I were minded to dresse my discourse, I might instance the rebellion of the Moors, at *this very time*, &c. He then proceeds, in this charitable and negative way, to lay five or six most bitter charges

\* Strada de Bello Belg. L. 7.

against D. Carlos, and adds the following Chronogram, from Ovid †, which, he says, was commonly applied to that Prince, in the Low Countries :

‘ FILIVs ante DIeM patrIs InqVIRIt In annos †.’

THE Marquis de Bonnivet, a Flemish nobleman, was endeavouring to contrive an escape from the citadel of Amiens, by feigning himself sick, and being carried out as a dead body; Concini, who was governor of the place, and who suspected his design, checked the whole project by saying to him, “ How sorry I should be, “ were you to die under my care; since, “ knowing the ill character which we Ita- “ lians have gained, as *poisoners*, I should “ think it my indispensable duty to con- “ vince the world of my innocence, by “ having your body publicly *opened*.”

† Ov. Met. Lib. I.

‡ The numeral capital letters form 1568, the year of D. Carlos's death. The verse describes the anxiety of a son for his father's decease.

WHEN



WHEN Roan, after a long siege, fell to Henry V. of England, on entering the town, many authors assert that the tail of a fox was carried before the triumphant Prince, on the point of a spear, to shew that artifice had a share in the subjection of the place. The Governor, Le Bouteiller, is suspected of having betrayed the place, but such an avowal of his treachery is not consonant with our modern ideas of military honor.

How compleatly would the skill of Moliere's favorite actor, Baron, have baffled the most expert physiognomist, if it be true, as is reported of him, that he possessed so exquisite a command, not only of features, but of complexion, that in repeating the following couplet—

‘ Soudain vous eussiez vu, par un effet contraire,  
 ‘ Leur fronts, *palir* de honte, & *rougir* de colere.’

His cheek would redden at ‘ *rougir*,’ and at ‘ *palir*’ his color would forsake him.



## A U T H O R S.

## A U T H O R S.

THE inventor of that grotesque species of poetry called Macaronic, was 'Theophilus Folengo,' better known by the name of 'Merlino Caccio.' He formed a kind of language from the Latin and Italian, and scrupled not to introduce words of other tongues when convenient. The following verses which are given as a specimen of his diction, are perhaps, among the least outrée of his compositions.

Sum felix—Quisquam, pro me vult ponere vitam,  
Sum pauper—Nemo pro me vult ponere robem.  
Non maneant homines, me consiliare, scientes,  
At maneant homines, Heu! me ajutare volentes.

Again,

Quis tam sanctus homo, quem non quandoque patefcatur  
Esse caro, pressusque ruat sub pondere carnis?  
Ast peccare, hominis, Nunquam emendare, diabli est.

A U T H O R S.

The

The following truly barbaric lines are also attributed to Folengo. They describe the heat of battle.

Piff, Paff, Puff, Poff! Vah! La bombardata resonat.  
Guarda las gambas, ne tibi bleffat eas.

PETRUS BACHERIUS, a Dominican, who was professor of Theology at Louvain, in the sixteenth century, wrote an extraordinary Treatise entitled 'Jurgium conjugale, contra reformatorum genus.' 1585.

ABOUT the year 1670, there started up in Holland, an incognito of wonderful talents and science. Some thought him a Jesuit, but (like the 'foi-disant' Formosan, Psalmanaazar,) his origin was never discovered. He lived by sweeping chimneys, and whetting knives, went by the name of 'Berenicius,' and died half smothered in a bog, and half choaked by excess in drinking. He is said to have



been an incomparable linguist, and to have versified with that degree of ease, that he would translate, while standing on one leg, *Dutch Gazettes* into elegant *Greek* or *Latin verse*! A task which seems more than Herculean. He could repeat, by heart, the whole works of most of the *Classic* authors, in both tongues, and would specify the book and the page of each writer whom he quoted. A work entitled '*Georgarchoniomachia*,' has been attributed to this inconsistent prodigy of learning.

THERE was something remarkably simple and touching in the few words inscribed on the tombstone of *that* Junius, who spent his days in England, under the protection of the literary Earl of Arundel, and who left his manuscripts to the University of Oxford.

'Sine querela, aut injuria, Musis, tantum, & sibi,  
'vacavit.'

LA



LA FONTAINE, though celebrated for the genuine wit of his Tales, was in appearance so stupid, that a Lady who protected him, used to say, that, "whatever reforms she might make in her household, she would never part with her three favourite brutes—her dog, her cat, and her poet." Once he had been launching out against the absurdity of admitting *aside*-speeches, in plays. As soon as he had finished his argument, he fell into his usual reverie; and Boileau, who was present, convinced the company, that a speech *aside* might be properly allowed, by abusing and ridiculing the Fabulist, during a quarter of an hour, without his attending to it, or even knowing what was said.

ONE day, La Fontaine, (who was, from mere indolence, utterly unacquainted with every thing religious) lighted on a New Testament. He read it, with pleasure and surprize, and ran directly to an ecclesiastical friend, to tell him his sentiments. "The book," said he, "is an excellent book ;  
" upon

“ upon my life and soul, it is a very clever  
 “ book! But it *must* be wrong as to the  
 “ eternity of hell-torments; *that* never can  
 “ be so. I like the rest of it very well, in-  
 “ deed!” He became, from that time,  
 devout, and died in what our neighbours  
 call “ the odor of sanctity.” His descend-  
 ants are said to have been exempted from  
 all taxes whatever. A very singular compli-  
 ment to the merit of our fabulist. “ His  
 “ name and his works,” says a modern  
 writer, “ have contributed sufficiently to his  
 “ country’s welfare.”

D’Ablancourt, to whom the public owes  
 many elegant translations, had been ha-  
 rassed with a painful disease. He could bear  
 the torture no longer, and determined to  
 end his miseries by starving himself. His  
 friends surrounded him, and convinced him  
 of the criminality and folly of his conduct,  
 but in vain, for he had gone already too  
 far, in point of fasting, to recover. It was  
 he who was used to say, with excellent  
 sense, that, “ Princes ought to study Greek  
 “ and



“ and Latin Classics, since the writers of  
“ Greece and Rome would tell them what  
“ their preceptors dared not to intimate.”

The ingenious Abbé de Prevost fell by a fate as extraordinary as that of any of the most unfortunate heroes of his own romances. He was attacked, while wandering alone in the forest of Chantilly, by a fit of the apoplectic kind, which rendered his body, to appearance, dead. Some peasants carried him to the next village, where a rural court of justice, summoned in haste, decreed, that he ought to be instantly opened, that it might be known, whether or no, he died fairly. The surgeon of the hamlet, in a moment, began the operation. In vain did the reviving Abbé shriek aloud. It was too late. He only opened his eyes to see the horrid apparatus around him, and then closed them to endless night. Those who have wept over the fate of Cleveland and Des Grieux, who have been entertained by the Fair Greek, or been improved by the Life of Sethos, will feel a  
painful



painful sensation at hearing that their amusing friend ended his life in a manner so strangely tragical.

There is reason to believe, that Bojardo, in his 'Orlando Inamorato,' found means to immortalize the peasants on his own estate, by naming the heroes of his Epic after those honest folks. It is even affirmed that there are still remaining at Scandiano, of which he was lord, many Gradassos, Sacripantes, and Agramantes, and that the country about Scandiano may be traced easily in the picturesque scenes recorded in his beautiful Poem.

THE great Montesquieu was exceedingly teized, in his last moments, by the Jesuits, to deliver up his manuscripts to their custody. The Duchesse D'Aiguillon, who with anxious friendship attended his couch, found, one day, his door locked, and the dying philosopher in a warm dispute with Father Ruth, one of the society, who was insisting on his giving up the  
the

the key of his manuscripts. When she reproached the priest for the intruding impertinence of his conduct, he answered, "that he must obey the directions of his superiors," and retired. The Duchesse afterwards took care that the president should end his days without farther interruption.

To the strictures on the ignorance and brutality of Guy Patin, in the former part of this work, the following may be added. Menage affirms, that he paid no regard to truth in what he wrote, that his letters are full of falsities, and that he, (Menage,) had been led by a calculation of Patin, (before he was aware how little dependence ought to be placed on his assertions,) into a most disgraceful blunder. He was also so envious of the success which attended the experiments of Joseph du Chesne, a celebrated and ingenious chemist, that he involved the whole district of Armagnac, (the native place of his adversary,) in the abuse which he liberally poured on that philosopher,



philosopher, and stiled it 'un maudit pays,' 'a cursed country.' Yet experience has shewn that Du Chesne was greatly superior to Patin in chemical knowledge, and particularly so in his dissertations on antimony, and its uses.

THE Sieur Galland, editor of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, had disgusted the literary people of his residence, by publishing his two first volumes, half filled with the insipid question and answer of the sisters Scheherazade and Dinarzade. Fretted with this tiresome folly, some young men came in the middle of a frosty night, and contrived all kind of alarming noises to rouse the author. After they had kept him for some time in suspense, with his head and shoulders exposed to the cold air, one of them said to him, "Dear sister, if you be not asleep, I would pray you, until break of day, which is near at hand, to go on with that agreeable story which you began." Poor Galland, finding his own words so unmer-

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[ cifully

cifully turned against him, shut his window, and consulting his pillow, published the tales in his succeeding volumes, without any more such ridiculous introductions.

WILLIAM OLDYS, Norroy King at Arms, was a writer of a singular cast and character. He was said to have been the natural son of a Dr. Oldys in the Commons, who appears to have managed his amours at a very cheap rate, as whenever he dined at taverns, he was observed to beg a little of the remnants of fish, fowl, &c. to send home for his cat, which cat was afterwards discovered to be the mother of the gentleman in question.

Mr. Oldys had but a slender portion of classical learning, and knew little of the sciences; but for index-reading, title-pages, and the knowledge of scarce (English) books and editions, he had no equal.

He had great good-nature, honor and integrity, particularly as an historian, for he has been known to have refused a large sum,



sum, to permit his name to be affixed to another person's work. But a violent attachment to drinking, and to low company, tended to obscure his good qualities.

His life of Sir Walter Raleigh gained him great credit, and even influenced the D. of Norfolk so far in his favor, that he procured for Oldys a comfortable appointment in the Herald's Office. In that station, he was sometimes much disgraced by his passion for liquor, particularly at the funeral of the Princess Caroline, when the Crown on a cushion, entrusted to his care, is reported to have made many unseemly staggers.

His method of composing lives was singular. He had a number of parchment bags, inscribed with the name of him he meant to write of, and into them he put every anecdote he could collect. From these stores he drew up each respective history.

By his excesses he was kept so poor, that in 1761, when he died, he left little more than

than what was sufficient to bury him. He was then seventy-two years of age. G.

## B O O K S.

IF the rising generation do not greatly excel their parents in the knowledge and practice of morality and humanity, they will loudly contradict every philosopher, every poet, and every divine, who has even glanced at the subject of education.

Forty years ago, an author would have been ridiculed, had he dedicated his talents to the service of a race of infants. The whole juvenile library consisted, then, in a dry, uninviting book, called 'Geography for Children,' and in a set of minute volumes which described Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London, and which, to the best of the Editor's remembrance, intermixed spectre-stories with topical descriptions. Mother Goose, also, added her tales, but from them nei-

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ther instruction, nor moral, were to be gained.

The ingenious Christopher Smart was the first man of genius that thought the minds and morals of children deserved literary attention. In his Lilliputian Magazine, he inculcated the best of principles, but he thought it necessary, still, to make use of a species of machine, and 'Woglog' the Great Giant' was introduced to amuse and to terrify, by turns, the young student.

Encouraged, probably, by the success of Mr. Smart, there now arose a new description of authors, under the patronage of a well-known philanthropic bookseller. These have exerted their utmost abilities to compose histories in common life, which may tempt the little reader to study, and, at the same time, may lead him in the paths of good-nature and virtue. They have succeeded, and the library for the use of children, now abounds with productions \*, which, although minute in size, and

\* Among these may be pointed out 'The History of Je-  
nimia Placid,' which abounds with interesting scenes.

gaudy tinsel covers, are not unworthy the inspection of persons far more advanced in life and experience, than those for whose use they are destined. Beside inculcating the best principles of religion and duty, these writers combat every malignant propensity. They set infantine cruelty in the most odious light, and even condescend to level their batteries against sloth, and dirtiness. Children bred up in the constant study of such maxims, must, one may hope, retain some part of them in their minds, and, should they be as negligent of what is right, as many of their fathers were before them, they will be doubly faulty, as they have opportunities of improving their ideas, which never occurred to their ancestors.

## CUSTOMS AND INVENTIONS.

A VERY palpable instance of the excessive awkwardness \* with which war was

\* Strada de Bello Belg. L. 7.



carried on a few centuries ago, may be seen in Froissart's account of the expedition against the Scots, by Edward III. soon after he came to the crown. Although in their own country, and at a very moderate distance from Carlisle and Newcastle, yet "Three dayes and three nightis, they" (the whole English army) "were, in manner, without brede, wyne, candel, or lyght, foder or forage, or any manner of purveyance." To complete the confusion of the scene, the King was obliged to offer to whomsoever would bring him word, in what place the Scots were "A hundred pounds lande to hym and to his heires for ever, and to be made a knyght of the kyngis hande."

Nothing, to a modern warrior, can exceed the ridicule of this scene, nor appear more absurd than the extreme ignorance of the King and his quarter-masters; and yet, notwithstanding the great improvements which have been made since Froissart's age in the art of war, some may be found who doubt whether the combined knowledge

knowledge, practical and theoretic, of Vau-  
ban and Cohorn, of Feuquieres, Marechal  
Saxe, and Frederic of Prussia, ever pro-  
duced one invention of so much service  
to the ease and happiness of mankind, as  
that of Pinchbeck's snuffers, improved by  
the ingenuity of Sheffield.

As late as the times of Henry III. of  
France, the Dowager Queens were called  
'Reines blanches,' from the white mourn-  
ing which they were used to wear. 'Henry,'  
says L'Etoile in his journal, 'went to sa-  
'lute the White Queen.' That Queen  
was Elizabeth of Austria, widow of Charles  
IX.

No inventor of quick methods of com-  
municating intelligence ever hit upon a  
more expeditious, though undesigned con-  
veyance, than that by which the success of  
the Duke of Alva at Geming, (where, in  
1568, he defeated Count Lewis of Nassau),  
was known to vessels out in the open sea,  
sooner than to towns at a much smaller



distance on shore. Count Lewis commanded an army of Reistres\*, and this cast of soldiers always wore that kind of head-dress, which the writings of Sterne have made familiar to an English ear, the Montero-cap. The sailors seeing vast numbers of these floating down with the tide from the Ems, formed a very just conjecture on the issue of the battle which had been fought, and surprized the inhabitants of the next port they reached, by communicating the intelligence of the Spaniards victory.

## D E R I V A T I O N.

‘O Gemini!’ assuredly is borrowed from the Italian exclamation, ‘O Diamine!’ which answers to ‘Oh, The Deuce!’ ‘To scamper,’ is clearly taken from the Italian ‘Scampare,’ which means the same.

\* A kind of bands, easily to be hired in Germany, during the 16th century. They succeeded to the Compagnons, Tarde-venues, &c. They were ill-disciplined, and fought more for plunder than pay.

Qu.?

Qu.? Whence comes The Deuce?

Not surely from *Deus*. It is used in too light a manner for such an origin. Some derive it from the Greek *Δύς*, mournful.

A HUMOROUS Etymologist deduces 'bothered' from 'both-eared,' i. e. stunned at both ears.

'Breeches' from 'bear-riches,' and Vales, to servants, from the Latin 'Vale,' as being the *farewel* given at parting. G.

ST. FOIX derives the Diadem of Princes, from the fillet which topers were used in the early ages to wear around their temples, to check the fumes of the wine they had drank. 'It was meant,' says he, 'as an intimation to royalty not to suffer itself to be stupified by the noxious incense of adulation.'

ABOUT three hundred years ago the largeness of the shoe was proportional to the rank of the wearer, and the toes of a



great man's slipper of honor were buckled up to his knee. Qu. ? If the common expression of 'being on a great *footing* in 'the world,' has not a reference to this grotesque and absurd custom ?

M. DE VALOIS deduces the French word 'coucher' (actively taken) from 'collocare,' and, aware of the readers objections, he supports his argument by quoting from Catullus,

Vos, unis senibus, bonæ  
Cognitæ bene feminæ,  
*Collocate* puellulam.

He brings also two excerpts from Tully and from Suetonius, to shew that 'collocare' means 'to put to bed.' But as he is totally unable to make out any similarity of sound between 'collocare' (pronounced as in France) and 'coucher,' his derivation must appear one of the most improbable ones ever produced, and only is here introduced to evince to what frivolous ideas

the

the passion for finding etymologies may lead a man of genius.

## FANATICISM.

IN the eleventh century, Severus, a fantastical enthusiast, broached as odd a heresy as imagination could well conceive.

He imagined that a good and an evil being, had co-operated towards the production of man, and the world in general. He even pointed out with an indelicate precision, how much of the body was the work of each separate creator. When man was made, according to Severus, the *benevolent* being supplied every kind of food proper to nourish and support the new-made creature, particularly he exerted himself in supplying him with plenty of fruit, pot-herbs and water. The ill-meaning fiend, however, was more than a match for the good angel, for he gave him wine, and,



and, (as that most abandoned heretic Severus affirms) he created *woman*.

\*Strada strongly inclines to think, that in the plundering the Great Church at Antwerp, there were a host of devils mixed with the *hundred* men who *appeared* to be the *sole* destroyers. The chief reason which he gives for harboring such an opinion, is, ‘ That whilst they with great  
 ‘ pains loosen the brasse and marble, whilst  
 ‘ they endeavor to spoil and steal the  
 ‘ richest things, none of all their number  
 ‘ had so much as a fall, or a knock,  
 ‘ though such loads of stone and wood  
 ‘ came tumbling down, and so many fragments and splinters flew about, nor received the least hurt by the workmens tools,  
 ‘ which they ran with in their hands. It  
 ‘ is no slight argument to prove, that, by  
 ‘ God’s permission, the devil was the surveyor of their works.’

• De Bello Belg. L. 5.

IN

IN the writings of Gabriel Barletta, a celebrated preacher among the Dominicans of Naples, in the fifteenth century, are numberless eccentric ideas. The Holy Ghost, he says, *would* have come down corporeally among mankind, but frightened at the reception which Jesus Christ had experienced, it chose to take the invulnerable appearance of fire and of air, that it might run no risk of ill-treatment among human beings.

The following passage is taken from one of this divine's most celebrated discourses.

‘ Malus presbyter non dicit Pater-noster  
 ‘ cum corde. Incipit, *Pater noster qui es*  
 ‘ *in cælis*; Præpara equum, o serve, ut  
 ‘ eamus ad villam.—*Sanctificetur nomen*  
 ‘ *tuum*; O Catharina, pone ad focum illam  
 ‘ carnem. *Panem nostrum quotidianum da*  
 ‘ *nobis hodie*. Prohibe catum a farcimine;  
 ‘ *Et dimitte nobis debita nostra*; Da equo  
 bladum †.’ So high was the vogue of

\* The translation of this strange rhapsody would, although part of a sermon, have too prophane an air.



this Friar's eloquence, that it was said as a proverb 'Nescit prædicare, qui nescit Bartlettare;' and his sermons ran through twenty editions at least.

A TRUE fanatic, the more execrable his actions, the more extended his cruelties, by so much the more he expects the inspiration of heaven. Montluc, who was the most bloody fiend of that infernal race who deluged France with the blood of their brethren in the 16th century, Montluc, who hanged (according to his own account) protestants, in cold blood, by eighty at a time, Montluc, who owns that two executioners who always accompanied him, were usually styled his 'valets.' This very Montluc gives us the copy of that prayer which he usually addressed to heaven before he fought, and declares most solemnly that he always found himself warmed by grace from above, that all mortal frailty quitted him, and that he became a new man, in consequence of this ejaculation.

QUIRINUS

QUIRINUS KUHLMAN, a native of Breslau, who broached his extravagancies in the last century, is little known. From the age of eighteen, he thought himself inspired by a divine 'afflatus,' which formed itself always around his head, like a globe of light. His genius was by no means inconsiderable. He wrote 'Prodromus Quinquennii mirabilis,' and prepared for the press 'Le Clef de L'Eternité & du Temps.' To establish his doctrines, he roamed through Britain, Italy, and the East. He made few proselytes, indeed; but still he wandered unmolested. In 1689, his good fortune forsook him; he preached in Russia some heterodox dogmas, and the priests of the country made him expiate his heresies on a pile of faggots.

A GRAVE historian, Rigordus, who wrote in the thirteenth century, a book entitled, "Gesta Philippa Augusti," affirms, that *before* the true Cross fell into the hands of the Infidels, all children used to have thirty or thirty-two teeth, but that, *since* that fatal epoch,



epoch, none can boast of more than twenty-three.

In 1540, Gonzales Bandara, a cobbler of Lisbon, had nearly finished his days at a stake, under the sentence of the Inquisition, for uttering absurd predictions. By a not unusual revolution in human affairs, it chanced, that, a hundred years afterwards, when the House of Braganza rose to the throne of Portugal, some of the cobbler's fanatic effusions were judged to have pointed out, clearly, the events which had newly happened, and the memory of one who had hardly escaped the flames as an impostor, was honored as that of an inspired prophet.

In the "Catalogus-Gloriæ mundi," printed in 1529, is the following odd tale, which, childish as it appears, serves to throw light on the manners of the age. It may be found also in De Thou.

A most cruel sentence was denounced, in 1540, by the Parliament of Provence, against

against the Vandois of the Valley of Merindol, which consigned them all to destruction, on account of their heresy. Their utter ruin was, however, delayed, by a very singular circumstance. An innumerable army of Rats had, about that time, laid waste the country. All *human* means had been used, in vain, to destroy them; and it was therefore thought necessary to try the force of *spiritual* censure. Every form was now observed. A complaint was brought against the Rats; they were cited to the Bishop's court; and, on their non-appearance, sentence was on the point of passing against them, for default and contempt. But, as in all ages there have been found Lawyers, who, either to shew their abilities, or fill their purses, will not scruple to espouse the wrong side, an advocate started up in favour of the oppressed, who represented, ' that the poor calumniated  
' vermin could not appear with any degree  
' of security at the court, according to the  
' summons, since their steps were watched  
' by their enemies the Cats, and no safe-guard ]



‘ guard was appointed to conduct them to  
‘ the presence of their judges.’ This  
grotesque plea is said to have had its effect,  
and to have prevented those anathemas  
which would otherwise have been fulmi-  
nated against the Rats. Nay, it is affirmed,  
that one of the Judges, struck with the  
similarity of case between them and the  
Heretics of Merindol, used his influence,  
with success, to have the execution of the  
sentence against the poor Vandois, also, de-  
layed. The respite was, however, only  
temporary ; and persecution, stimulated by  
bigotry, in a short time depopulated a  
whole country, with such circumstances of  
hellish barbarity, that they have been held  
up by every historian to public detestation.

ST. ROMUALD, (mentioned under the  
article ‘ Hermits’) underwent a singular spe-  
cies of peril from his own reputed sanctity,  
and from the fanatical respect born to him  
by his neighbors. He had long resided  
in Catalonia ; but, having declared his in-  
tention of quitting that country, the in-  
habitants,

habitants, rendered almost desperate by the dread of losing this holiest of Anchorets, consulted together, and determined to cut the good saint's throat, that they might at least be sure of that share of miracles which the bones of so eminently pious a man might work among them. The result of this conference chancing to reach the ears of Romuald, he made a private and speedy retreat from Spain, chusing not by any means to be made into reliques before his time.

Translation of the Latin Anecdote at  
Page 125. Article Fanaticism.

‘ The holy brother Philip Nerio, deeply  
‘ affected by zeal towards the Supreme  
‘ Being, lived in a perpetual languor, and  
‘ his heart burnt with such ardor, that  
‘ when it could not be contained within  
‘ its common bounds, The Creator most  
‘ wonderfully enlarged its sphere of action,  
‘ by breaking and raising up two of his  
‘ ribs. Sometimes, when performing his

L 1

‘ holy



' holy duties, or fervently praying, he was  
 ' visibly lifted from the ground, and ap-  
 ' peared to shine with a wondrous bright-  
 ' ness. The poor and the needy, he re-  
 ' lieved with universal charity. He was  
 ' even thought worthy of bestowing alms  
 ' on an angel, who condescended to re-  
 ' ceivethem in the figure of an indigent per-  
 ' son, and once, when carrying provisions  
 ' to the poor, he had stumbled into a pitfall,  
 ' he was delivered safe from danger by the  
 ' interposition of that heavenly being.  
 ' Humble in his nature, he ever avoided  
 ' honors, and with constancy refused the  
 ' first ecclesiastic dignities, which were, un-  
 ' solictedly, pressed upon him.'

## F E A S T I N G.

NEITHER the poet, Juvenal, nor the  
 traveller, Sir Robert Herbert, can ever ac-  
 quire the good opinion of modern epicures  
 by the declaration which each has made  
 of

of his sentiments concerning our favorite delicacy, turtle.

‘ Nemo, inter curas & seria, duxit habendum  
 ‘ Qualis, in oceani fluctu, *testudo* nataret \*,’

Says the bard. Nor did the knight display more discernment, when, after having tantalized his readers with an account of tortoises (as he calls them) ‘ so great, as  
 ‘ suffer two men with ease to sit, and so  
 ‘ strong, as carry them,’ he adds, with a pleasant confusion of grammar, ‘ failers  
 ‘ *affect* to eat them, but are better meat  
 ‘ for hogs, in my opinion.’

The turtle has however been the delight of the man of *taste*, one way or another, throughout the early, as well as the latest ages. As long as Horace’s poems re-

\* None have yet found it worth one serious thought,  
 How large a turtle may, at sea, be caught.

It should be added, that by the next line, it appears that the shell was usually converted to some ornament for the Roman beds.



main †, the honor due to the 'Testudo' will accompany their fame. And in the present century, that regard which the ancients paid to the *exterior* is by modern penetration, only transferred to the less elegant, but more nourishing, contents.

POGGIO, the Florentine, tells us that Zisca, the great and victorious reformer of Bohemia, had so favoury a taste, that he only asked for his share of plunder what he was pleased to call 'the cobwebs, which 'hung from the roofs of the farmers 'houses.' These were, the hams, gammons, sausages and pigs cheeks, for which Bohemia was always celebrated.

† And that will prove a much longer space than *himself* had allotted to them. They would have been lost to the world in less than 400 years, had they only existed, as he prophesied,

————— Dum Capitolium

Scandet, cum tacita virgine, Pontifex.

A fair triumph of literature over empire.

IN

IN the year 1666, there appeared a treatise written by Cardinal Francis Maria de Brancaccio, to prove that drinking chocolate could not be said to occasion the breaking a fast.

THE consummate epicurism, and brutal species of wit, possessed by the late Mr. Quin, are universally known, nor can any single anecdote illustrate these two qualities, more completely than the following, which is, from the best authority asserted to be strictly true. He was invited to dine with a celebrated Dutchess who had adorned the court of Anne, and whose protection of persecuted wits had justly rendered her famous. To the surprise of Quin, she helped herself to the leanest part of a haunch which stood before her. ‘What! and does your Grace eat no fat?’ ‘Not of venison, Sir.’ ‘Never, my Lady Dutchess?’ ‘Never, I assure you.’ Too much affected to restrain his genuine sentiments, our epicure exclaimed, ‘By G— I love to dine with such fools!’



EARLY rising and the length of their ride had disposed the whole company of a stage-coach to do honor to the dinner provided for them, which was a large coarse shoulder of mutton. One unfortunate man only, excepted, whose dress, and delicacy of manners had so far established his superiority, in the party, that they, though hungry, rested on their arms, while he examined the meat with the eye of a connoisseur. He first, lifted it from the dish with his fork, and peeped around it. He then made a faint effort to cut it, but drawing back his hand, and laying down his knife and fork, he retired to the window, and abandoned his share of the repast, exclaiming dolefully "This it is to have a  
" taste!"

' I KNEW what would happen well enough,' said a gentleman who, by carving a leg of lamb crossways, had occasioned his friend to drop down in an antipathetic swoon. 'How then,' said a third person, 'could you be brute enough not to cut the  
meat

‘ meat in the other way?’ ‘ Because had I  
 ‘ done it, it were I, who must have had the  
 ‘ fit,’ replied the selfish carver.

## HYPERBOLES.

ABDALLA, the parent of Mahomet, lived, it is well known, in the humble station of a camel-driver. Yet as the father of so great a prophet ought to have somewhat extraordinary about him, the Orientals have exhausted their rhapsodies on his nuptials. Although, at least 75 years of age, he was, they say, sought for in marriage by all the fairest, youngest, and most wealthy maidens of his district. And the morn after his wedding, one hundred of the rejected ones were found dead in their beds, from jealousy, disappointment, and envy.

THE epitaph on Buschetto of Dulichio, who built the Cathedral of Pisa, asserts, that his knowledge of the mechanic powers



was so extensive, " that he could enable  
 " *ten* children to support a weight, which  
 " a *thousand* harnessed oxen could not  
 " move." He lived in the fifteenth century, an age of hyperbole and wonder.

'THAT fellow,' said Cyrano de Bergerac to a friend, ' is *always* in one's way, and  
 ' *always* insolent. The dog is conscious  
 ' that he is so fat, that it would take an  
 ' honest man more than a day, to give him  
 ' a thorough beating.'

NOT very unlike this idea was that of him, who, being asked by his friend, " when  
 " he last saw their jolly comrade Tom — ?" answered, " Ah, poor Tom ! I call'd on  
 " him yesterday at his lodgings, and there  
 " I found him, sitting all round a table, by  
 " himself !"

A HUMOROUS hyperbole of the same kind is told of a jolly Courtier of Louis XIV. who being rallied by the King on his bulk, which, he was told, had increased for  
 want

want of exercise, "Ah, Sir," said the plump object of the King's satire, "what would your Majesty have me do? I have already walked three times round the Duc D'Aumont, this morning." A nobleman, who, though himself a prodigy as to size, had been standing by, and enjoying the joke.

## INCONSISTENCY.

WE have in the life of Chicot, fool to Henry IV. of France, an example of a man possessing the most jarring qualities both of body and mind. Buffoon as he was, he wanted neither birth nor riches, and excelled in the qualities of fidelity and valor. At the siege of Rouen in 1591, he subdued in fair combat, M. de Glatigny, a man of high rank among his master's enemies. Him he delivered into the hands of Henry, saying only, "Here! I have brought you a prisoner of *my* making." But Glatigny, offended at finding himself captive



captive to a jester, drew his sword, and wounded him mortally \*. From his death-bed Chicot was roused, by overhearing an ecclesiastic refuse to give absolution to a dying soldier, because he was in the service of a Huguenot prince. He even sprung from his bed to chastize the fanatic priest, but, exhausted by the effort, he fainted and died.

A HORDE of Cossacs, mentioned by M. de Tott, seem to labour under a great confusion of ideas respecting the Christian religion. They left Russia at the time that Peter the Great insisted on his subjects being shaved, and, determined to save their beards, at all hazards, they migrated to the Tartarian deserts. They join their new neighbours in every incursion which they make against the Russian provinces, but still, anxious to preserve the purity of their faith, amidst infidels, they take care

\* The laxity then attendant on the 'Law of Nations,' occasioned no notice to be taken of this assassination. At least Brantome mentions none.

that each man is provided with a flitch of bacon, tied to his saddle, by way of port-manteau; nor are their standards ever deficient in a representation of the cross, which floats, most heterogeneously, amid the horse tails of Mahomet. These people are called Inat-Cossacks, from Ignatius, their head man. 'Inat' signifies also in the Turkish tongue, obstinate and wrong-headed, an epithet which the Tartars and Turks think become these odd religionists, who, besides their cross and their bacon, know nothing of any one dogma of christianity.

FRANCIS JUNIUS, the father of him who took refuge under the wings of the English Lord Arundel, used to say of the church of Rome, "That she was the true  
 " Meretrix Babylonica; that she was *alive*  
 " 'twas true, but loaded with the most filthy diseases; but that although she was,  
 " without doubt, a most abandoned prostitute, yet, as she had never been regularly  
 " divorced, she was still the spouse of  
 " Christ,



#### 44 INCONSISTENCY.

“Christ, and that so, one *might* be saved  
“by adhering to her doctrine.” This  
most absurd tenet disgusted both the Re-  
formed and the Roman Catholics.

AN eminent and learned prelate, not  
long since dead, was not unfrequently se-  
duced by the warmth of his imagination,  
into expressions, very inconsistent with  
that gravity which laymen annex to the  
character of a divine. In a celebrated  
work, he denominates the awful scene in  
which the prison doors flew open, and the  
irons dropped from the limbs of the holy  
Paul; ‘A midnight-meeting between Paul,  
‘Silas, a gaoler, and an earthquake.’ The  
low expression of ‘Hocus-pocus tricks,’  
ought not to be found in a sermon of the  
same divine, on the most solemn of subjects.

THE great Jonathan Swift had probably  
forgotten not only that he was in orders,  
but also that he was a christian, when he  
wrote what the most blind charity can not  
avoid

avoid calling a parody on the most awful  
of ideas.

From the four elements assembling,  
Warn'd by the bell, all folks came trembling.  
From airy garrets some descend,  
Some from the lakes remotest end.  
My lord, and dean, the fire forfake,  
Dan leaves the earthly spade and rake,  
The loit'ers quake, no corner hides them,  
&c. &c.

## INHUMANITY.

AT the table of Alexander the Great,  
Anaxarchus, a stern Philosopher, being  
asked how he liked the entertainment, said,  
that to make it compleat, it only wanted a  
Great man's head in a dish, at the table.  
This wish he evidently pointed at a very  
worthless neighbor, Nicocreon, ruler of Cy-  
prus, who sat as a guest.

After the death of Alexander, it unluckily  
chanced that the Sage fell into the hands of  
the Tyrant; and Nicocreon, thinking that



Anaxarchus, with proper management, would make just as good a dish as *himself* would have done, ordered him to be pounded to pieces in a mortar—a death which the Philosopher underwent with remarkable fortitude, only crying, ‘Beat, beat, on the outward case of Anaxarchus. Himself thou canst not hurt.’

BZOVIVS, who continued Baronius’s Annals, says, that Cardinal Ximenes, wishing to convert the priests of the Spanish Mahometans, determined to treat Zegri, one of the heads of the Moorish Church, with remarkable severity, since he could not render him a Catholic by fair means. Accordingly, he delivered him over to *Pedro Leone*, his Chaplain, whose arguments soon brought the Moor to compliance. The Convert desired to see the Cardinal, and when admitted to his presence, began with attributing his sudden change of sentiments to a vision which he had seen the night before; but, being ashamed of the fiction, he burst into laughter, and said,  
“ Why

“ Why should I not speak the truth,  
 “ and give the credit of my abjuration of  
 “ Islamism, to thy fierce Lyon (Leone),  
 “ whose managements will convert any of  
 “ us, who are once entrusted to his keep-  
 “ ing.” This man must have loved a Pun  
 at his heart, to have brought one out on  
 such an occasion.

A WRITER, named ‘ Julius Clarus,’ and  
 quoted by Limborch in his ‘ History of the  
 ‘ Inquisition,’ seems to have formed a very  
 forcible idea of the powers of imagination,  
 as he allows to them four parts in five of  
 the torments decreed by that formidable  
 Tribunal. ‘ Know, therefore,’ says he,  
 ‘ That there are *five* degrees of torture, viz.  
 ‘ First, the being threatened to be tortured;  
 ‘ secondly, being carried to the place of  
 ‘ torture; thirdly, by stripping and bind-  
 ‘ ing; fourthly, the being hoisted on the  
 ‘ rack; fifthly, squassation.”

WHEN the Prince de Chalais, in 1626,  
 was condemned to be beheaded for being  
 2 concerned



concerned in a plot against Cardinal Richelieu, his friends, hoping that delay might afford him some chance of escaping his doom, contrived that the executioner should not be in the way to perform his office. Richelieu, however, was not so, to be baffled: A Shoemaker, to save his forfeited life, contrived to take off the Prince's head with a cooper's adze, in a most un-workman-like manner. And there was found a bard, who employed his muse in celebrating this event, by an epigram, the sting of which lay in the assertion, that the sufferer

“ Au lieu d'être décapité

“ Il avoit été haché.”

Ang.

“ He was not beheaded, but hacked in pieces.”

THE following method of treating a dying enemy, would now utterly destroy the reputation of the bravest Commander in any European service. The Marquis de Santa Cruz, Admiral of Spain, however, does not appear to have suffered by it, in  
his

his character, so different are the manners of different ages. Henry III. of France had sent Philip Strozzi to restore the ever-unlucky\* D. Antonio to the throne of Portugal. Strozzi, though one of the first foldiers of that warlike æra, was defeated, wounded, and taken prisoner by the Spaniard. What follows are the words of "Forfay," who, after having been tutor to Strozzi, became his pupil's biographer.

‘ Le Sr. de Strozzi, porté au dit Marquis,  
 ‘ fut exposé sur le pont des cordes, de son  
 ‘ galion. Quelqu’un lui fourra, deffous le  
 ‘ dit pont de cordes, son epée dans le petit  
 ‘ ventre, lui otant, par ce coup, inhumain  
 ‘ et barbare, ce qui lui restoit encore de  
 ‘ vie. Et etant, en cet etat, présenté au  
 ‘ Marquis, icelui, dedaignant de le re-  
 ‘ garder, se retourna de l’autre coté, apres  
 ‘ avoir fait signe, qu’on le jettât en la mer,  
 ‘ ce qui fut aussitot executé, *lui encore un*  
 ‘ *peu respirant.*’

\* Singularly so; for England and France in vain attempted to put him in possession of what were looked on to be his rights.



DR. COOK, in his *Russian Travels*, relates an instance of Nadir Shah's deliberate cruelty, which can hardly be paralleled. The inhabitants of a district in his dominions, had, when the Czar Peter marched that way, supplied his army with provisions, probably from dread of ill treatment. When the Russians were departed, Nadir surrounded these poor creatures with his army; and, after having made them witness the most execrable violences to their families, he deprived them, to the number of five hundred, of their eyes, and left them to their fate. Dr. Cook saw the wretched relics of these poor villagers, some years after. They told him, that they had been forced to crawl on the earth in search of food, and all but thirty had been happy enough to find their deaths, either by poisonous roots, by precipices, or by famine.

The same author relates, that he has seen a Persian gnawing a thistle through hunger, and cautiously looking around him, lest any of Nadir's emissaries should see him, and punish him for exposing,  
by

by his hunger, the calamitous state of Persia.

THE name of Esprit Flechier, a learned French Prelate, ought to be dear to every lover of humanity. When Louis XIV. made him Bishop of Nismes, he seemed to have a very just notion of the usual effects of a mitre, when he told him, that "he should have promoted him sooner, were he not apprehensive of losing the pleasure of hearing his discourses."

Flechier was not only humane towards the Protestants of his diocese, at a period which would have warranted him in any steps of persecution, but he even penetrated into the deepest and most abhorred recesses, to assist the wretched of his *own* communion. Among many other instances of a like kind, he once found his way, by exerting his episcopal authority, to the damp and dark dungeon of a nunnery, in which an unfeeling abbess had immured a frail and incautious sister, who, having been forced by her parents to embrace a monastic



life, had violated the involuntary obligation. The good Bishop found her lying on a handful of straw, and supported only by a scanty allowance of bread and water. She stretched out her emaciated arms to her venerable deliverer, who, on his side, told the Abbess, that she well merited to be treated as *she* had treated the poor sufferer ; “ But,” added he, “ you shall find from *me* “ that mercy which you have not shewn, “ but which Jesus refused not to the wo- “ man caught in adultery.” The care, however, which he ordered to be taken of the poor girl, came too late. She died, soon after, exerting her last breath in blessing her good Pastor.

## M E D I C I N E.

DURING the civil wars of France, the town of Bayeux was guarded from the plague by the care of Marc le Barbey, a physician of the place. The army of the League, who were perishing by the same disease,

disease, required his assistance. But the patriot refused to relieve subjects in arms against their lawful prince. They plundered his house, but he escaped and left them to die by thousands. Henry IV. ennobled him and his posterity in 1594.

WHILE Muretus, a man of great learning, but vile morals, was endeavouring to reach the dominions of Tuscany, he fell extremely ill on the road. Notwithstanding the wretchedness of his figure, he found himself, to his surprize, surrounded by physicians, who busied themselves about him with uncommon diligence. A new and dubious medicine was, it seems, waiting to be tried on a proper object, and he at length overheard in a whisper, "Faciamus \* experimentum in corpore vili." The dread of this proposed experiment, acted with more success, probably, than the dose would have done. Muretus rose

\* "Let us make the experiment on this miserable hound."



from his bed, forced a passage through the concourse of doctors, apothecaries, and surgeons, and proceeded on his journey, to Rome, where he was received with honor, and rose to great preferments.

'Twas on this Muretus that Jos. Scalliger, on whom he had imposed a modern epigram for an antique, made that bitter distich.

“ Qui rigidae flammæ evaserat, ante, Tolosæ

“ Muretus, fumos vendidit Ille mihi.”

It was no bad thought of Carmelini, a celebrated dentist at Rome, remarkable for removing teeth, to write over his door

“ Una avulso, non deficit alter.”

A WORTHY Dutch physician, Philip Verheyen, left a direction in his will, that he should not be buried in any church.

“ \* Ne templum dehonestaret, aut nocivis

“ \* That he might not defile the Church, nor corrupt  
“ its air with noxious fumes.”

“ halitibus

“*halitibus inficeret,*” and directed this sentiment to be inscribed on his tombstone.

DR. JOHN COLLETT, of Newbury, Berks, who died in 1780, deserves a peculiar notice for the depth of his studies, and the exquisite humanity of his character. Although his practice was extensive, yet, from an uncommon meekness and humility, he never would accept more than *half* the usual fee of the profession. Several days in the week he devoted to the poor, who thronged to him for advice; which, as well as vast quantities of medicines, he distributed gratis. His studies were turned towards the Oriental tongues, and the Hebrew in particular, in which he had made so great a progress, that he kept a correspondence with the heads of the Jews, in Syria, in the East-Indies, and other parts of the world. From these he learnt many very curious particulars respecting the Hebrew Version of the Old Testament, and had the means of correcting many errors



which have crept into the text as it now stands. His manuscripts, on this very curious subject were extremely valuable, but his friends could never prevail on him to give them to the world. He never, indeed, published any thing, unless two or three letters in the Gentleman's Magazine, which may be easily discovered by the singular meekness of the style and the benevolence of their contents. One of them is a persuasive to Masters of Merchantmen, &c. to plant cocoa-nuts, yams, &c. on desert islands, for the benefit of shipwrecked mariners.

‘ We who attend to dissections,’ said once a great, but modest, anatomist to a friend, ‘ are little better acquainted with  
‘ the true state of the human frame, than  
‘ the porters and errand-boys are with the  
‘ policy of the cities they inhabit. Like *them*,  
‘ we know every street, every alley, every  
‘ passage, but like *them* too, we are ignorant of what is going forward in the  
‘ mansions, to which these passages lead.’

He

HE who composed the epitaph that follows on an unlucky physician, had dipped his pen in gall.

‘ Hæc sub humo, per quem tot jacuere, jacet.’

Paraphrased,

Interr'd lies our Doctor—we need not deplore him—  
He's but where he's sent all his patients before him.

PAINTING, SCULPTURE, &c.

THE art of describing events to the sight, in some form or other, is certainly of great antiquity.

Homer's account of the works of Helen and of Penelope, point out a very early æra for colored tapestry.

Virgil *supposes* painting to have gained some perfection in the age of his Dido, since Æneas could discover his own portrait in some of those pictures which adorned the Temple of Juno, at Carthage.

Babylon



• Babylon had in her walls, according to Diodorus Siculus, many tiles, or bricks, painted with the forms of animals. And her famed sovereign, Semiramis, is said to have had a collection of pictures, particularly hunting-pieces.

The Egyptians, however, aver that they understood painting, six thousand years, before the Greeks possessed that art, and bring proofs from their hieroglyphics.

Pliny tells a pleasing tale, as to the invention of sculpture. Dibutades, the fair daughter of a celebrated potter of Sicyon, contrived a private meeting with her lover, at the eve of a long separation. A repetition of vows of constancy, and a stay prolonged to a very late hour, overpowered at length, the faculties of the youth, and he fell fast asleep; the nymph, however, whose imagination was more alert, observing that by the light of a lamp, her admirer's profile was strongly marked on the wall, eagerly snatched up a piece of charcoal, and, inspired by love, traced the outline with such success, that her father, when

when he chanced to see the sketch, determined to preserve, if possible, the effect. With this view, he formed a kind of clay model from it, which first essay of the kind had the honor to be preserved in the public repository of Corinth, even to the fatal day of its destruction by that bugbear to the arts, Mummius Achaicus.

It is a trite observation, that many useful inventions have been owing, in late ages, to the eager researches which people of genius have made after the philosopher's stone. But it is not generally known, that the beautiful color, called Minium (said to be the finest possible red) was discovered, long before the Christian æra, by an Athenian youth, who believed it to be a powder whence gold might be made.

THE remark of a French critic on the Greek statuaries is singular and delicate. "They never," says he, "presumed to make use of the *perfect* tense, when the artist set his name to the statue. It was  
" always



“always ‘εποίησε,’ not ‘πεποίηκεν.’ He never ventured to affirm that his work “was perfect.” On the other hand, Titian, to reprimand the insolence of ignorant, presuming critics, wrote beneath some of his pictures, *Titianus fecit, fecit.*

WHEN goddesses were to be drawn, the antient painters always chose for their model either their own mistresses or some celebrated courtesans. This gave occasion for Justin Martyr to ridicule the Pagans, and to tell them that they paid adoration to a set of prostitutes, instead of divine beings. In this, they have been imitated by modern artists. Le Brun's Magdalen was taken from the celebrated La Valiere.

THE Triumvir Lepidus having been disturbed extremely, during the night, in his camp, by the whistling, hooping, and screeking of many nocturnal fowls, was angry with the magistrates of a neighboring town, for recommending him so very incom-

commodious a spot. To make their peace, they sent him a kind of flag, with a dragon exquisitely painted upon it, which terrified the noisy birds, and kept the camp quiet. Pliny recommends this expedient, which, however, seems only calculated for moonlight nights.

A PLAIN, blunt German, being asked by an antient Roman, how he liked a very famous picture of an Old Shepherd, leaning on his crook? "Like it!" repeated he, "Why if the *original* was "alive, I would not take him, if you "would give him to me for a slave."

NERO, who, vile as he was, cultivated the arts, had a turn for drawing, and frequently amused himself in modelling with clay.

NONE carried the caprices of an artist so far as Regnier, King of Naples. He painted his mistress when just dead, and when in the most ghastly stage of decay.

He



He was painting a partridge, when he was told that his kingdom was lost, and he finished his work, before he permitted himself to lament this great calamity.

IN spite of the principles of Islamism, Mahomet the Second, who knew no religion but his own will, sent to Venice for Gentil Bellini, a painter, some of whose works he had seen and admired. When arrived at Constantinople, Mahomet reasoned with him on some error in a decoliation of John the Baptist, which he had painted, and to convince him of his mistake, he sent in for a Greek slave, and in a moment, struck off his head with his royal scymetar. Bellini wisely acquiesced in the criticism, slipped away to the harbor, and set sail for the Adriatic the same evening.

OF all crowned heads, Christina of Sweden seems to have had the least share of taste as to the arts. Her father Gustavus had left her many chests of paintings, (the spoils of Prague) inestimable in value.

These

These she offered to give to Sebastian Bourdon, a Huguenot artist, without having even unpacked the cases, or looked at their contents; Bourdon, however, who knew how great their worth *must* be, had the generosity to tell her, that she knew not what she offered. It was unlucky for the world that he acted in so disinterested a manner. The Queen of *Gotbland* \* is said to have cut hands, and feet, and faces, from many of these very pieces, to adorn apt corners of her bed-chamber. What a pity, that chronology will not allow us to make Mummius Achaicus her Majesty's favorite and generalissimo! A few of these pieces found their way to the cabinet of the Palais Royal.

THE effect of good paintings has been great in every age. Portia, who had supported the farewell of her husband, after the death of J. Cæsar, with philosophic firmness, could not bear the view of the

\* One of Christina's titles.



parting of Hector and Andromache, well expressed on canvas, without an agony of tears.

A Great Duke of Russia, named Uladimir, was converted to the Christian faith, by the sight of a picture, representing the Last Day, with all its horrors. Terrified at the ghastly mass of shivering, guilty souls, he shrunk back, and averted his eyes. "Where would you wish to be?" said the Christian who had displayed the piece. "By the side of that venerable and amiable figure," replied the barbarian, pointing to the Eternal Judge. "Embrace the laws of Christ, and you *may* be placed there." The Russian assented, and his subjects followed his example.

Many years since the above event, Lestock\*, a Hanoverian surgeon, by placing before the eyes of Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, two paintings, *the one,*

\* In an ingenious French work, from whence many of these anecdotes are taken, he is called "L'Estoc, a French "adventurer." Dearly do our neighbors love to appropriate to themselves every extraordinary personage.

repre-

representing her in a convent, and Lestock broken on the wheel, *the other*, Elizabeth alone, sitting on the Imperial throne, inspired that Princess with spirit enough to atchieve a revolution, and to seize the crown, her undoubted right.

SOME hundred years before the Russian revolution, Nicolas Gobrini Rienzi had actually accomplished first, the liberty, and then, the subjugation, of Rome, by means of allegorical pictures, which were exposed to the view of the populace, by night, as well as day, as lights were burnt before them. Some of these satyrized the Aristocratic rulers of the city, under the character of different beasts. Wolves and bears, represented the nobles, spaniels and monkeys their domestics; the clergy were painted as hogs, and the lawyers as foxes. The mob found these ideas so well assimilated, that they strenuously seconded Rienzi in driving wolves, monkeys, hogs and foxes out of their strong-holds, and bringing matters to a much better regu-



lated system. How that great demagogue lost, through his own mad folly, every advantage, which his active spirit had gained for the Romans and for himself, is not here to be told.

A NORMAN Priest, named the Abbé Malotru, remarkably ridiculous in his dress, as well as deformed in his figure, was so much irritated at the smile of contempt which he observed on the face of M. de Laffon, one of his audience, while he was performing mass, that the instant that service was over, he instituted a process against the mocker, for irreverence. Laffon chanced to have a talent for drawing in caricature. He sketched out a figure of the ill-made priest, accoutred, as he used to be, in half a dozen black caps, over one another, nine waistcoats, and as many pair of breeches. When the court, before whom he was cited, urged him to produce his defence, he suddenly exhibited his Abbé Malotru, and the irresistible laughter which it occasioned insured his acquittal.

quittal. This happened about the year 1640.

IN the early ages of Christianity, it appears that it was usual to paint or engrave crucifixes and representations of venerable beings, on the floors of churches, &c. for St. Bernard laughs at his cotemporaries for bestowing ornaments on what is made to be covered with dirt and dust. "Sometimes," says he, "you tread on the head of a saint, and sometimes you spit in the face of an angel."

THEOPHILUS, Emperor of the East, abhorred the worship of images; his Empress, Theophila, was a zealous partisan for that species of adoration. One morn she was detected by the court buffoon, Danderi, on her knees, before a groupe of saints. Away ran the fool to tell Theophilus what beautiful dolls the Empress amused herself withal. The Emperor comprehended the mystery, and Theophila would have suffered severely, perhaps been divorced, had



she not persuaded her husband, that Danderi had mistaken her children, playing around her, for dolls. The whole ended in a hearty whipping for the impertinent tell-tale.

PAINTING was at no contemptible height in South America, when it was subdued by the Spaniards, since Montezuma shewed to Cortez a compleat representation in colors, of the first landing of those fatal visitors, of their arms, their horses, and of those fierce dogs, whose presence conveyed more terror to the Indians, than even that of their masters.

SIMON MEMMI, who flourished at Sienna, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, was the first painter\* who, by

\* It must not be omitted that Boccaccio imputes the rise of this ridiculous and tasteless fashion to the waggish advice given by Bufalmacco, a noted buffoon, to one Le Bruno, a simple brother of the profession, who asked his counsel "how he should make the expression of his figures understood by the spectators."

way of explanation, put scrolls in the mouths of his figures, a practice which became, afterwards, not uncommon. A piece of his, is now existing, wherein the devil, almost expiring from the severe pursuit of a saint, exclaims, " Ohime! Non posso piu \*!" A portrait, of the same infernal personage, proved fatal to Spinello Aretino, an artist of Arezzo, in the same age. He had drawn the Prince of the air, under a form so exquisitely hideous, that he could never erase the idea from his mind. One night a dream represented to his frightened imagination, that awful spirit, under the same horrid appearance, standing before him, in a menacing attitude, and reproaching him for drawing so *very* homely a likeness. Spinello awoke in an agony of dread, he had barely senses left to tell the tale, before his reason gave way, and for the short time he survived, a fearful insanity never left him.

\* " Oh! Oh! It is all over with me!"



Not much later lived Paulo Mazzochi, surnamed Uccello. Whatever his talents were as a *painter*, he was surely no accurate *natural philosopher*, for in a piece representing the four elements, wherein fishes marked the sea, moles the earth, and a salamander the fire, he wished to have pointed out the air by a *cameleon*, but not knowing how to draw that scarce animal, he contented himself, from a similitude of sounds, to introduce a *camel*, who, extending his long neck, snuffs up the breezes around him.

‘ Qui ne feroit indigne,’ says a French critic, ‘ de voir, (en Sannazar,) Junon, aux couches de la Vierge? Un evangeliste, (en Arioste,) s’interesser au destin de Roland? Et qui ne riroit de voir Vulcain presenter des armes à St. Louis, (en Le Pere Le Moine) pour le succes des Croisades \*?’

“ \* How ridiculous, to see *Juno* assisting at the nativity of our Lord, an evangelist anxious about count Orlando, and *Vulcan* giving to *St. Louis* a suit of armor for his crusade!”

- Had

Had M. Bardon, who wrote this stricture, attended to the works of old, nay, modern painters, he might have found much greater absurdities than those which he complains of among poets. He might have found in one piece, Joseph, the husband of the Blessed Virgin, employing his art, as a carpenter, in forming a *Confessional*.

IN another, (painted by F. Chello della Puera,) the Blessed Virgin, sitting on a velvet sofa, playing with a cat and a perroquet, and ready to help herself to coffee from an engraved coffee-pot.

A late Neapolitan artist has represented the Holy Family, during their Egyptian migration, passing the Nile in a barge, as richly ornamented as that of Cleopatra.

Lanfranc has thrown churchmen in their robes at the feet of our Savior, when an infant, and Paul Veronese is said to have introduced several Benedictines among the guests at the feast of Caana\*.

\* C. Algarotti.



Tintoret arms the Hebrews, while picking manna in the desert, with modern fire-arms, and, to compleat the climax, a painter has allowed the good thief a confessor with a *crucifix* in his hand!

ANDREA MANTEGNA, not having been rewarded quite to his expectations by Innocent VIII. who had employed him to paint the Four Cardinal Virtues, and the Seven Mortal Sins, had the boldness to tell His Holiness, that there ought to be added to the groupe an *eighth* sin, *Ingratitude*. "You are welcome," said the Pope, "to add what you please to the sins, provided that you paint for me *Patience*, as a fifth virtue."

POPE JULIUS II. was one of the most passionate of human beings. He was once so much displeased with the great Michael Angelo, that that great artist hardly dared appear before him. "Let your Holiness," said a Cardinal, meaning to soften his resentment, "excuse the artist's misconduct;

“ misconduct ; these painters are such ignorant fellows ! ” “ You are ignorant, yourself,” replied the angry Pope, “ and are ten times a greater blockhead than the great man of whom you speak.” This ‘incartade’ luckily, for that time, turned away the pontiff’s anger from the painter ; but there were many occasions on which he treated him with great brutality : Once he hinted gently to the terrified artist, that “ If he did not make more expedition, he would throw him headlong from his scaffold ; ” and once he gave him a hearty drubbing, which, however, he softened by a very large present in money.

THE discovery, which the world owes, as is generally believed, to Van-Eyck, of painting with oil-colours, soon led to a most cruel murder. Dominico Beccafumi had been taught this great secret by Antonio of Messina, who had gained it, not very fairly, from Van-Eyck. Beccafumi imparted it to Andrea del Castagno, who,  
eager



eager to be the sole possessor of such a treasure, assassinated his friend and benefactor. The unsuspecting Beccafumi, wounded to death, was carried to his false comrade's apartment, and actually breathed his last, in the arms of his murderer. Andrea, now fearless of a rival in his art, flourished without suspicion, and lived long, loaded with riches and honors. On his death-bed, however, the horrors of guilt overtook him, he made a public confession of his crimes, and died detested and execrated by his fellow-citizens.

THE celebrated P. Aretin, who knew better how to wield a pen than a sword, had taken the part of Titian warmly against Tintoret, in a dispute which had happened between those great artists. Tintoret, who resented this behavior, and who knew the timid character of this 'Scourge of Kings,' took care to meet him one day near his own house, into which he pressed him to enter, that he might draw the picture of so celebrated a man.

man. Aretin consented, when the painter, to the visible horror of his guest, advanced up to him, fiercely, with a pistol in his hand. "Alas!" said the satyrift, "What are you going to do?" "I only mean to take your measure exactly," said Tintoret, "you are, I find, just four times and an half, the length of my pistol." Aretin, however, is said to have made off as fast as possible, without waiting to sit for his portrait.

REMBRANDT was one day employed in taking the portraits of a family who were all to be included in a large picture. A servant acquainted him that his favorite ape had died suddenly. The artist, forgetful of his own interest, ordered the dead animal to be brought in, and began gravely to sketch out its resemblance, on the canvas, amidst the figures already painted. The representations which the family made, were all fruitless; Rembrandt persisted, and chose rather to lose the price of the picture, already half-painted, than submit



to deprive himself of the indulgence of so odd a whim.

A GENOESE painter, J. B. Bacici, who flourished in the seventeenth century, had a very peculiar talent of producing the exact resemblance of deceased persons whom he had never seen during their existence. He first drew a face at random, and afterwards reforming it in every feature, by the advice and under the inspection of such as knew the party, he improved it to a striking likeness.

THE amusements of Charles V. during his retirement, seem to have been trivial, proportionably as the actions of his past life had been important. Besides the well-known earnestness with which that Emperor in vain endeavored to reduce clocks to an uniformity of expression, he took great delight in viewing and regulating a number of automata, contrived expressly for his amusement, by an ingenious mechanic, whom Strada calls 'Jannellus Turrianus.'

‘ For

‘For often,’ says Sir R. Stapylton \*, who translated the work, ‘when the cloth was taken away after dinner, he brought upon the board, little armed figures of horse and foot, *some* beating drums, *others* sounding trumpets, and divers of them charging one another with their pikes. Sometimes he sent wooden sparrows out of his chamber into the Emperor’s dining room, that would fly round, and back again, with such address, that the Superior of the Monastery, who came in, by accident, suspected the inventor of magical delusion. He likewise framed a mill of iron, that turned itself, of such a subtile work, and smallness, that a monk could easily hide it in his sleeve, yet daily it ground as much wheat as would abundantly serve *eight* persons for their day’s allowance.’

Much skill must have been exerted in forming the ghastly figure which Famianus

\* Strada de Bello Belgico, Lib. 1.



Strada describes, when he tells us that the Prince of Parma, being willing to avoid the expence and trouble which the reception of the body of Don John of Austria would occasion at every town on its passage from Flanders, to Spain, “caused him to  
“be tooke in pieces, and the bones of his  
“armes, thighs, legs, breast, and head  
“ (the braines being taken out) with other  
“ the severed parts, filling three mailes,  
“ were by Nignio, &c. brought safely  
“ into Spaine. Where the bones being  
“ set again with small wyers, they easily  
“ rejointed all the body, which being filled  
“ with cotton, armed, and richly habited,  
“ they presented to the King, Don John,  
“ entire, as if he stood, only resting him-  
“ self upon his commander’s staffe, looking  
“ as if he lived and breathed. The hard  
heart of Philip probably suffered little or  
no emotion at the sight of a brother, who  
had served him faithfully, had fought  
his battles with success, and had at length  
received for his reward, a dose of poison.

WHEN Michael Angelo cast a bronze statue of Julius II. he meant to have put a book in his hand. "Let it be a sword," said His Holiness, "I am no man of letters." That statue was, when the Bentivoglio family became masters of Bologna, metamorphosed into a cannon. No unpleasing destiny for the representation of so military a spirit.

P A S S I O N S.  
Cardinal Mazarin's revenge on the betrayer of Ferrante Pallavicino.

From the Italian. See before, page 252, &c.

THE fatal end of Ferrante Pallavicino (says the French commentator on the Naudæana and Patiniana) has been told by many authors, but I never met with so many particulars relating to it as in the following narrative, which is taken from a MSS. in one of the most celebrated libraries in Paris, added to the close of  
a volume



a volume entitled, 'The Glory of the Incognitos of Padua.' It runs thus.

'Carlo di Bresche, known in Italy by the name of Carlo di Morti, was the son of a bookseller in Paris, named Pietro di Bresche. He travelled in the service of a nobleman through Italy, but his master dying on the road, Carlo went from Venice to Rome, where he was recommended to the Barberini family, as a man capable of undertaking any bold enterprize. No sooner was his character known, than he was entrusted by them with the destruction of Ferrante Pallavicino, against whom the Barberini were highly exasperated, on account of his two productions, the "Baccinata," and the "Divortio Celeste." The price of this treacherous exploit was then settled to be three thousand doubloons. Carlo, on this, repaired to Venice, the asylum of Ferrante, where he contrived to insinuate himself so far into his friendship, that finding him disposed to seek a refuge in France, from the snares which  
' were

‘ were laid for his life in Italy, he offered  
‘ himself as his fellow traveller, and was  
‘ accepted. They journeyed together as  
‘ far as Orange, a city within ten miles of  
‘ Avignon, when Carlo sending an account  
‘ to the Vice Legate at that place, that  
‘ the prey was in his hands, a party was  
‘ sent to seize them both, they were con-  
‘ ducted to Avignon, and thrown into  
‘ prison. Carlo, however, who had only  
‘ been confined for form’s sake, was soon  
‘ set free, whereas Ferrante was retained,  
‘ brought to a trial, and executed. Mean-  
‘ while Carlo returned to Rome, where  
‘ he received the infamous reward of his  
‘ diabolical treachery, partly in pictures  
‘ (which were exposed to sale in Paris,  
‘ at the Hotel de Fleury, now a lodg-  
‘ ing-house kept by Madame Barillon,  
‘ a native of Bretagne, in the Rue des  
‘ Bourdonnois) and partly in ready money.

‘ In the interim, Cardinal Mazarin, ex-  
‘ tremely hurt at the death of Pallavicino,  
‘ to whom he bore much good will, di-

O o

‘ rected



‘ rected one Ganducci, an Italian, to con-  
‘ tract an intimacy with the traitor. This  
‘ the emissary brought about in the most  
‘ cautious manner, by pretending to sell  
‘ gloves, perfumes, and other trifles,  
‘ which he bartered with Carlo, for pic-  
‘ tures and other goods. Having now  
‘ settled a kind of commerce with him,  
‘ he often went to his house, which stood  
‘ in the “Place Maubert,” and one morn-  
‘ ing, going at a very early hour, on pre-  
‘ tence of their common interests, he com-  
‘ plained to Carlo concerning some mis-  
‘ conduct of his, in their affairs. The  
‘ which Carlo, who was then in bed, de-  
‘ nying, the other picking a quarrel with  
‘ him, darted upon him, caught him fast  
‘ round the body, and stabbed him in the  
‘ reins with a poniard. Carlo, who was  
‘ stout and active, finding himself wound-  
‘ ed, grappled with the assassin, and in  
‘ the scuffle, they both fell to the ground.  
‘ The people of the house ran to the  
‘ room, on hearing the noise in the cham-  
‘ ber,

ber, but could not enter, as the door was locked from within. Having fetched officers of justice, and broken open the door, the murder was discovered, and Ganducci was led away to the Little Chatelet, while Carlo lay expiring.

When the story was told to Cardinal Mazarin, he gave directions to the magistrate of the police to release the prisoner, and was obeyed. Thus was the execrable villain Carlo repaid for his more than inhuman treachery.

## P A T H O S.

THE difference of the sensations excited by a *public* calamity, from those which a *private* misfortune will occasion, is beautifully touched by Henry Fielding, when he paints Sophia Western, although an excellent patriot, relieved from the horrors which she had felt at the apprehension of her angry father's presence, by hearing that it



is not *he* that is come, but only *an account* that 'several hundred thousand French are landed, and that we shall be all murdered and ravished \*.'

A periodical writer, cotemporary with Fielding, treats the same subject with great success. He introduces an Officer, describing to a large circle the battle of Fontenoy. He recounts the gallantry of that immortal British column which forced its passage through the center of the enemy, until mowed down by the fire of a fatal, masqued, battery. The company listen with attention and applause; but they hear the fall of thousands without a tear. The narrator proceeds to paint the distress of a young lady, an officer's wife, who had waited in agonies, at a neighboring village, for her husband's return from the field. Disappointed of this hope, she rushed to the spot, where numbers of the wretches who accompany an army for the sake of plunder, had already levelled all distinctions, by

\* Mrs. Honor's speech, in Tom Jones.

indiscriminately stripping the dead and wounded, of all ranks. Amid this horrid scene \*, she was guided by a spaniel that accompanied her, to the bleeding body of her husband. She recognized his ghastly features, cast herself upon him in an unutterable transport of despair, and rose again only to madness, and death. This simple tale, recording the fate of two persons only, roused those passions which the slaughter of myriads could not move; and the party made amends, by floods of tears, for their former, almost criminal indifference.

AMONG the scenes, some tragic, some romantic, interspersed through Fingal, Temora, &c. no one story perhaps is to be found, so affecting as an episode which ap-

\* Drear anguish urged her to press  
Full many a hand, as wild she mourn'd;  
Of comfort glad, the drear caress,  
The damp, chill, dying, hand return'd.

PENROSE.



pears in the same collection, among the Songs of Selma. Daura, the daughter of Armin, has been treacherously conveyed to a rock, insulated by the sea, where she can by no means be relieved, the only boat which the coast afforded, having just been lost, with her brother in it, who had hastily, without an oar, darted from the beach to assist her. And thus her father describes her fate, and his own wretchedness.

‘ Alone, on the sea-beat rock, my daughter was heard to complain. Frequent and  
‘ loud were her cries, nor could her father  
‘ relieve her. All night I stood on the  
‘ shore. I saw her by the faint beam of  
‘ the moon. All night I heard her cries.  
‘ Loud was the wind, and the rain beat  
‘ hard on the side of the mountain. Before  
‘ morning appeared, her voice was weak.  
‘ It died away, like the evening breeze  
‘ among the grass of the rocks. Spent  
‘ with grief, she expired, and left her father alone. When the storms of the  
‘ mountain come, when the north lifts  
‘ the waves on high, I sit by the founding  
‘ shore,

‘shore, and look at the fatal rock. Often  
‘by the setting moon, I see the ghosts of  
‘my children. Half-viewless, they walk  
‘in mournful conference. Will none of  
‘you speak in pity?—They do not regard  
‘their father.’ The *parent* who can read  
this without being affected, must be either  
more, or less, than a being of common  
sensations.

And here may be introduced, with some  
propriety, a Cornish tale of naval woe,  
which can be attested by scores of living  
witnesses, as it happened within the last  
twenty years. Gunwalo Downs, which  
form the Eastern side of Mounts Bay,  
stretching out towards the Lizard Point, lye  
on the top of a very high, steep, and long-  
extended cliff, which, during a great part  
of the year, is incessantly beaten by a tre-  
mendous surge driven from the Bay of  
Biscay by an almost constant West wind.  
During a space of many miles, there is  
no inlet to the land; but the face of the  
cliff is occupied, towards the top, by sea  
birds; and the bottom, where there are



many caverns, is usually the resort of seals. One stormy winter's night, signals of distress were observed, and a large ship, which had been driven under the cliffs, was known to be lost. Such an incident on that coast was by no means unusual ; but in the morning, the people, assembled on the Downs, to look if any remains of the vessel were floating on the waves, were shocked by hearing loud and united cries and groans from persons below the cliff. They knew that these must come from some cave, to which the shipwrecked people had found means to attain ; for the tide left no beach ; and they knew, too, the impossibility of helping them, as no boat could venture, in such weather, under such a cliff. The cries, however, continuing, they tried, by letting down baskets with ropes in different places, to afford some relief, but in vain, for the over-hanging cliff prevented the sufferers from reaching what was meant for their relief. In short, during three days, the same mournful noise was heard ; it grew then weaker by degrees, till hunger and fatigue probably

probably closed the wretched scene. Many of the seal-holes were afterwards searched for these hapless mariners, but in vain. The surf had probably washed away and dispersed their remains,

## P R I D E.

FEW people have had a higher idea of their own importance than Clothaire, the son of Clovis, King of France. He had burnt his own son and his family alive, and the remorse, for this harsh method of shewing his resentment, brought him to his grave. When his end approached, he observed to his attendants that "God Almighty must be *very powerful*, to be able to destroy such a puissant monarch as himself." Some ages after, there died, in England, a dutchess of Buckingham, who having been informed by her chaplain, when on her death-bed, that in  
heaven



heaven there were no particular allotments for *Peers* and *Peereffes*, said, "Well, well, put me in the right way to get thither, but I fancy it must be a *strange place*." These seem to have had kindred souls.

THE deepest knowledge will not always command respect, without some attention to personal appearance. Herman Buschius, a celebrated teacher of languages in the sixteenth century, was bitterly irritated at finding that the very persons who had neglected to salute him when shabbily apparelled, paid him every possible respect when he had good clothes on. "Go," said he, tearing his garments from his back, "wretched rags! Must I owe to *you*, and not to my learning and character, the civilities which I receive?"

Jane, the wife of Philip Le Bel, of France, was so extremely disgusted at the finery which the merchants wives of Bruges exhibited when she accompanied her husband

band to that place in 1299, that she exclaimed, "What! are all these *Queens*? I thought that *I alone* had a right to appear in that character. Not contented with this sarcasm, she had the weakness to make her husband treat her well-dressed rivals with a degree of severity and insult, which did much detriment to his own interest.

## S A R C A S M S, &amp;c.

QUERNO, a kind of poetical buffoon much in favor with Leo X. had been crowned arch-poet by the gay young men of fashion at the court of Rome. The Pope, fond of his burlesque talents, sent him choice dishes from his own table, but expected always a distich in return. Querno, like other bon-vivants, was tortured by the gout, and at one of its most painful moments, he was obliged to write, in gratitude for a dainty,

' Archi-



‘ \* Archipoeta facit versus, pro mille poetis.’

To which the good-humored Leo added, by way of help,

‘ † Et pro mille aliis, archipoeta bibit.’

Then Querno, resolving to shew himself superior to his sufferings, added

‘ ‡ Porrige, quod faciat mihi, carmina docta, Falernum.’

But the Pope reparteed,

‘ § Hoc vinum enervat, debilitatque pedes.’

It was said of an author who had more regularity than genius, “ He is like an ox  
“ that has finished his furrow with exact-  
“ nefs.”

‘ \* For millions of poets, th’ arch-poet composes.’

‘ † By millions of bumpers bepimpled his nose is.’

‘ ‡ A bowl of Falernian t’ enliven my strain.’

‘ § You’ll lose in your *feet*, what your *measure* may gain.’

W H E N

WHEN the Prince of Condé and Cardinal de Retz, two leaders of opposite factions, were viewing the curious garden of a hermit, who was famous as a florist, they amused themselves by keeping him attentive to their discourse, while they trod to pieces his best flowers, on each side of the path. He soon discovered their plan, and shaking his gray locks, 'Alas!' said he, 'how much were it to be wished, that you could agree in plans to relieve your distressed country, with the same readiness which you show in joining to persecute a helpless solitary!'

It was said by Mademoiselle Scuderi of M. de Pellisson, "That he had made too free with that share of ugliness which Heaven had allowed to all mankind." The French is better, "Qu'il s'abusoit de la permission qu'ont les hommes, d'être laids."

POGGIO, the Florentine, out of respect to the memory of the poet Dante, has  
taken



taken great pains to collect his bon mots. Had he been that great bard's most bitter foe, he could have done him no greater diskindness. The repartees are flat, unpolite, and totally uninteresting.

‘ONCE,’ said a Quaker, in a dispute concerning the propriety of titles, ‘I had the honor to be in company with an Excellence, and an Highness. His Excellence was the most ignorant and brutal of his species, and his Highness measured just four feet eight inches without his shoes.’

A VERY reprobate priest, doing duty for a friend, found great difficulty in putting on the surplice; after bestowing many hearty anathemas upon this awkward garment, he swore, at last, that he thought “the Devil was in it.” “I thinks, as how, he be, Sir,” said the clerk, as soon as he saw him completely habited.

“BE

"Be easy," said a rich invalid to his son-in-law, who was, every hour, perplexing him with complaints of his wife's misbehaviour. "Be easy, I say; as her behavior is so very blameable, I will alter my will, and cut her off with a shilling." He heard no more of his daughter's failings.

THE French, instead of detesting Cardinal Mazarin for his private vices, and public corruption, contented themselves with ridiculing him for his Italianized pronunciation of their tongue. One day, they say, when teased by an importunate clerical suitor for a benefice, he called to the porter, "*\* Souifle! prends ton arquebouse, et va touer oun Abbé, pourque je doune oun Abbaie a cet houe.*"

"I WILL give you my head, Sir," said a story-teller to M. de Montesquieu,

*\* 'Go, Swiss, take your piece, and shoot some abbot through the head, that I may have a parsonage to give to this troublesome fellow.'*



who seemed to doubt some part of his tale, "I will give you my head, if every word of this is not true." "I accept your offer," replied the president, " Presents of small value strengthen the bands of friendship, and should never be refused."

"Who is that very red-faced lady, pray?" said one gentleman to another at a rout. "Why," answered the other, with whom the lady in question was no favorite, "I take her to be the *Scarlet Fever that goes about.*"

IT was said of a man, who died in his bed, notwithstanding his having borne a very dubious character, "I never should have thought that he would have quit-  
ted this world in a *horizontal* position."

A VERY jolly fellow, who well knew the value of Bacchus's gifts, used to say that when he heard any one read French verse, it was to him like the sensation of  
drinking

drinking water. This sarcastical critic was a native of France, and he bore a great name, Nicolas de Bourbon.

THE celebrated Jesuit, Bourdaloue, was asked by a lady, whether or no she did wrong in frequenting dramatic entertainments, "Tis yourself, Madam," said he, "that can best answer that question."

IN the tragedy of Ines de Castro, the entrance of five children together, on the stage, towards the close of the piece, unluckily set the audience into a general burst of laughter; Duclos, who was the most celebrated actress of her time, had the boldness to cry out, turning towards the audience. "Ay! do, laugh, blockheads of the pit, laugh at the most affecting scene in the play." The spectators only revenged themselves by doubling their peals of mirth.

\* "Ris donc, sot Parterre ! à l'endroit le plus touchant de la pièce !"



Few have spoken so severely of others as Ferdinand of Arragon, styled (ironically one may presume) the Catholic, has done of himself. His ambassador to France once told him that Louis XII. had complained that he had deceived him *twice*. "A lying blockhead!" exclaimed the Catholic prince, "I have taken him in a dozen times, at least!"

Of Ferdinand, it was said, that "perhaps he might be confided in, could a deity be found that he believed in, for him to swear by."

How different this man's character, from that of the brave, the unfortunate, John, of France, who when dissuaded from returning to England, to deliver himself up as a prisoner, said that "If honor and justice were lost to the world, they should be sought for in the breasts of monarchs, where, at least, they ought to be harbored."

BESME\*, the wretch who assassinated

\* So called, originally, as being a Bohemian, Besme, *ser Boheme*.

the Admiral de Coligny, in cool blood, during the horrors of St. Barthelemy, happening afterwards to be taken by the protestants of Xaintonge, was purchased of his captors, by the Rochellois, in order that his quarters might adorn the gates of their city. Before, however, he could be removed to Rochelle, he found means to escape, but was pursued closely by M. de Berthauville, in whose custody he had been. "I was always, you *know*," said Besme, discharging a pistol at him, "a wicked dog." "But *I*," said Berthauville, sheathing his sword in the murderer's body, "am determined that *you* shall be wicked no longer."

Peter Aretin had been kept in suspense a long time as to the payment of a present from the Court of France. "Be not surprised," said he to the person who delivered it to him at length, "that I return *no thanks*. I have worn out all my powers of speech in soliciting for this gratification, I have no words left to expend in acknowledgments."



In 1670, there died at Paris a wretched buffoon, Louis Barbier, who, eager for posthumous fame, left one hundred crowns to any poet who would compose his epitaph. One was found who wrote these lines.

Cy git un tres grand personnage,  
 Qui fut d'illustre lignage,  
 Qui posseda mille vertus,  
 Qui ne trompa jamais—Qui fut sage.  
 Je n'en dirai davantage,  
 C'est trop mentir pour cent écus.

Here lies, by cruel death oppress'd,  
 A hero of a fam'd illustrious race:  
 Ten thousand virtues he possess'd,  
 Sincerity his face express'd,

And wisdom heighten'd every grace.  
 But check, my muse, this wretched fulsome stuff,  
 Sure, for a hundred crowns, I've lied enough!

AMIN, the son of Al Raschid, when besieged by his brother, in Bagdat, refused to quit his game at chess, although his men were driven from the breach, and loudly demanded his presence, to reanimate them. "Stop," said he, "let me

"me not lose this glorious opportunity of  
 "a check-mate!" "Good sense and  
 "good fortune," said the irritated mes-  
 senger, "are inseparable companions,"  
 and left Amin to his evil destiny. He was  
 conducted to an immediate death, by order  
 of his conqueror.

## W O M E N.

BONNA, an Amazon of the 15th cen-  
 tury, has less general renown than her  
 shining qualities seem to have merited.  
 Brunoro, a warrior of Parma, saw her in  
 the lowest state of rusticity. Struck with  
 an indescribable expression in her coun-  
 tenance, he attached her to himself, and  
 took her every where with him, dressed  
 in the habit of a man. She soon be-  
 came an excellent politician, and gained  
 such an ascendancy over the sagacious  
 nobles of Venice, that they appointed her  
 protector, Brunoro, General of their  
 troops, with a large salary. Thinking herself



bound to share with her husband (for such he was now become) the dangers to which she had introduced him, she fought by his side at the head of his troops, stormed the strongest fortresses, and seconded him with vigor and success, in the defence of Negropont, against the Mahometans. She died in 1466, leaving behind her an almost unequalled reputation for address and bravery.

A CELEBRATED female Saint (Theresa) used to describe the Devil, as "An unhappy being, who never could know what it was to love."

THE Germans, according to Tacitus, believed that there was something divine in young women. "Inesse quinetiam sanctum aliquid, & providum, putant."

After reading this elegant compliment paid by pagans and barbarians to the fair sex, what shall we say to a Council of enlightened Prelates, held at Macon in France, who had very hot disputes concerning the pre-

pretensions of women to be human creatures! Happily, for the honor of common sense, the claim of the ladies was allowed. But the whole story is so very extraordinary, that it is necessary, in order to establish its credit, to quote the original passages on which that credit depends. “Cum  
 ‘inter tot sanctos patres episcopos, quidam  
 ‘statueret, non posse, nec debere mulieres  
 ‘vocari *homines*, timore Dei, publice ibi  
 ‘ventilaretur. Et tandem, post multas  
 ‘vexatæ hujus questionis disceptationes,  
 ‘concluseretur, quod *mulieres* sint *homines*.’ (Polygamia triumphatrix.)  
 ‘Exitit enim, in hac synodo, quidam ex  
 ‘Episcopis, qui dicebat, “Mulierem, hominem non posse vocitari,” &c. &c.  
 (Gregor. Tur. Lib. 8.

FROM the creation to the present day, women have made men what they please. If, however, any particular description of persons have been, more than others, their own, we must name Soldiers, including the heroes of ancient story. Sampson, David



and Solomon, Marc Antony, and Belisarius, with hundreds more, afford proof enough of this position. In later times, John Banier, one of the best generals Europe ever knew, and an elve of the great Gustavus Adolphus, gained his glory by *one* woman, and lost it by *another*. While the wife, whom he brought from Sweden, lived, he was successful in every undertaking. She accompanied him every where, regulated all his enterprizes, and pointed out the path to glory. She died, and his despair prompted him at first to follow her. At her funeral, however, the view of a lovely young German Princess checked his grief, and made him love again. Though late in life, he performed all those pranks which youth alone can render supportable. He ran extreme hazards to catch a glance of his mistress, he consumed whole nights in drinking bumpers to her health, and when he obtained her hand, he made such extravagantly noisy rejoicings, that all the country round him went to their devotions, thinking that a bloody contest was deciding in

in the field. His second race of love was, however, very short. He died in six weeks, having first egregiously tarnished his fame as a General, by a total neglect of his military duty,

We excuse, in a late great writer, his narrow party-spirit, his subgentleman-like behaviour to those who fought his acquaintance\*, and his ingratitude to his hospitable entertainers in the North†, in consideration of those early distresses which prevented his keeping that kind of company which might have softened his rugged demeanor, into politeness. But when we read the following deliberate abuse of the fair sex, and reflect, that, at the time the critic was penning this gross and untrue assertion, he was in the daily habit of receiving the most delicate and unremitted attentions from an accomplished woman, who was no otherwise attached to him, than by the ties of friendship, and by pity

\* Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes. passim.

† Tour to Scotland. passim.



for his sickly frame, who is it that could restrain himself from a wish to toss the unmanly author in a blanket, although Rasselas peeped out of one of his pockets, and the Rambler from another?

In comparing the Lutrín with the Rape of the Lock, he says, "The freaks, and humours, and spleen, and vanity, of women, as they embroil families in discord, and fill houses with disquiet, do more to obstruct the happiness of life in a year, than the ambition of the clergy, in many centuries." Johnson's Lives of Poets, Vol. IV. p. 189.



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# I N D E X

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**E R R A T A**

Page.	Line.	
86	13 & 14	for 'maneat,' read 'maneat.'
96	note line ult.	after 'empire,' read 'and superstitious.'
40	4	for 'ignorant,' read 'of the ignorant.'
19	1	for 'gaudy sinful covers,' read 'gaudy in sinful covers.'

V

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... of a popular preacher

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## E R R A T A.

Page	Line	
56	5 (note)	for <i>Pauli</i> read <i>Paul</i> .
56	6 from bottom,	separate <i>Ignorans</i> from <i>s'clevent</i> .
63	line ult. for <i>song-thrust</i>	read <i>song-thrust</i> .
Alter the Scots speech, in the same page into this—		
‘Do not you ken that thair is mickle odds betwixt blawing on a buik, and ‘damning anes ain faul?’		
93	12 from the top	for <i>Virgines</i> read <i>Virginis</i> .
183	Note.	read ‘The Cook’s among the Janizaries, is an ‘high rank.’
197	5	for <i>ignominious</i> read <i>the ignominious</i> .
199	14 from the top,	for <i>la</i> read <i>le</i> .
222	1. ult.	leave out the comma in <i>Hyder Ally’s</i> , <i>Jemmat- dhars</i> .
255	16	for <i>carcerato</i> read <i>carcerato</i> .
259	6. The <i>first</i> hook of a parenthesis is indistinct, between ‘ <i>missal</i> ’ and ‘ <i>the</i> ,’	
260	8 from bottom	for <i>Cbe</i> read <i>Cbi</i> .
282	10	for <i>de</i> read <i>le</i> .
Do.	Ult.	for <i>mouroit</i> read <i>mourroit</i> .
292	line 5, for <i>ches</i> read <i>chez</i> .	
—	line 8, for <i>determined</i> read <i>determin’d</i> .	
296	3 from the bottom,	for <i>scai</i> read <i>scat</i> .
Ditto	2 from the bottom,	for <i>resjêt</i> read <i>respect</i> .
307	3 from the bottom,	for ‘ <i>ill-flarr’d King</i> !’ read ‘ <i>ill-flarr’d Mo- ‘nareb</i> !’
313	4 from the bottom,	for <i>agreeable</i> read <i>agréable</i> .
318	2 fr. bottom (note)	for <i>Geman</i> read <i>German</i> .
351	13 ditto	for <i>in bonesto</i> read <i>Inbonesto</i> .
400	bottom,	for ‘ <i>same quaint but entertaining writer</i> ,’ read ‘ <i>quaint but entertaining Fuller</i> ,’ and leave out ‘ <i>same</i> .’
403	penult. of note	for <i>Fncæste</i> , read <i>Fæncæste</i> .
442	6 from the top	for <i>at</i> read <i>as</i> .